

Kingdom Come Deliverance by TheFlirtMeister

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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Summary:

“You musn’t-“ Mike kneels down in front of her, Endleofan cheeping in his ear, nibbling on the lobe. “You can’t touch other people’s daemons.”

“Daemons?” The girl repeats.

“Oh brother.” Lucas says. “You don’t know what a daemon is?”

Daemon Fusion AU

Kingdom Come Deliverance

Author's Note:

if you get all the daemon names/references in this fic, then i will honestly write you your own fic

Shout out to Sholio who wrote a Stranger Things daemon fusion! Their Nancy also had a hummingbird, so I've included it as a reference to their fic.

When Joyce comes in for breakfast that morning, Jonathan's got his music up loud, his daemon Myndavél sitting on his shoulder and croaking in time with the beat. She's finally settled in the form of a glass frog, and whilst Joyce finds her unusual, she loves her all the same.

"Noise!" She says, reaching out to ruffle his hair and kiss his cheek.

"Sorry Ma." Johnathan turns down the music, but still nods his head, dancing as he flips bacon on the skillet.

"*Teenagers these days.*" Joyce's daemon, Horowitz says. He's perched on top of her bag for work, a Ratufinae squirrel, settled when she was barely 16.

"Hush." She tells him, and then reaches out to rub Will's hair for good luck. Her hands come up empty. "Johnathan?"

"Yeah?" He answers, bobbing his head.

"Where's Will?"

"I don't know." Johnathan says, "In his room?"

"No, no, I checked to see if I had to wake him up for school." Joyce says, and Horowitz jumps from her bag, winding his way round her body till he ends up on his shoulder. "Can you feel him?"

Horowitz tilts his head to one side, and then shakes it. "*No,*" He

answers, “*But something, yes, something.*”

“What- What something?” Joyce asks, already worrying at her bottom lip.

Horowitz jumps from her shoulder, landing perfectly on a lamp, and then flings himself across in the direction of Will’s bedroom. Joyce hurries after him, Johnathan not following far behind.

Will’s room is empty, but there’s a stillness about it, like something isn’t right. Joyce feels like something important has been taken out of the room, like she’ll turn and realise his bookshelf is missing.

“*There.*” Horowitz jumps onto the windowsill where something dark is lying.

“What is it-” Joyce says, and then trails off, “Oh!”

Will’s daemon, Spalva, is lying on the windowsill in the form of a moth. She’s close to death, laying on her back, her wings beating feebly, and her little mouth is opening and closing but no words are coming out. Joyce wishes she could cradle her in her arms like she would Will, but she’s forbidden to touch another’s daemon.

“My baby.” She says, and then looks about, “Where’s Will?!”

“*Gone.*”

Joyce looks down at Spalva, who has managed to flip herself the right way round with the help of Horowitz.

“Gone?” Joyce asks.

“*Upside..... Down....*” Spalva whispers, and Joyce realises with a sickening jolt, that Spalva has skull markings on her back.

*

The moment they bundle the girl into Mike's basement, hissing and snapping at each other like the children they are, Dustin grabs hold of Mike's collar, yanking him backwards. Mike gives a cry of pain, arms waving wildly about, and his daemon Endleofan gives a screech

of anger at Mike being manhandled.

“What?” He snaps, Endleofan flying to his shoulder and perching there. She’s a Rufeous hummingbird at the moment, because Nancy’s daemon is a hummingbird, and she likes to match.

Dustin is wide eyed, his daemon Tief sitting on top of his hat. “She doesn’t have a daemon.” He says, and Mike crinkles his nose.

“She doesn’t have a daemon!” Dustin repeats, louder, and Lucas looks over at them.

“What?”

“Look!” Dustin points at the girl, who is sitting on the old couch, blinking at them all. “She doesn’t have a daemon!”

“*Wicked, wicked.*” Endleofan says, and Mike strokes the back of her head.

“Don’t be mean.” He chastises, and then studies the girl. “Maybe it’s hidden?”

“There’s nowhere to hide.” Lucas says. His own daemon, Palomides is in the form of a small curly haired retriever, currently sniffing the girl’s feet.

The girl smiles, for the first time, and reaches out to touch Palomides’ back.

“No!” Everyone screams at once, and the girl leaps back, as if scalded.

“No?” She repeats. “No?”

“You musn’t-“ Mike kneels down in front of her, Endleofan cheeping in his ear, nibbling on the lobe. “You can’t touch other people’s daemons.”

“Daemons?” The girl repeats.

“Oh brother.” Lucas says. “You don’t know what a daemon is?”

The girl looks up at them all, shakes her head. “No.”

“Son of a bitch.” Dustin reaches up to grab Tief from his hat and holds her in his hands, stroking her back to calm himself. “Son of a fucking bitch.”

“*Language.*” Palomides mutters, and then places her two front paws on the sofa to reach up and sniff the girl. “She doesn’t smell of dust.”

“Fuck.” Mike says, and looks up at the girl. She is staring back at him, frightened. “Hey, it’s okay. We’re not mad at you.”

He reaches out and lightly touches her knee. She jerks back at first, and then Mike spreads out his palm so that it’s flat against her skin, trying not to seem like a threat.

“I’m Mike.” He says, “And this is Endleofan. She hasn’t settled yet, but for the moment she’s a hummingbird.”

“Hello Mike. Hello Endleofan.” The girl says.

“What’s your name?” Mike asks, kindly.

The girl blinks.

“What are you called?” Lucas asks, and the girl looks up at him instead. “I’m Lucas, by the way. And this is my daemon, Palomides.”

“Hey!” Dustin says, and then holds Tief out to her. “I’m Dustin, and this is Tief. You can’t touch her, but you can say hello.”

“Hello Tief.” The girl says softly. “No touch?”

“No touch.” Dustin says cheerfully, and then puts Tief back on top of his hat. “She’s a little indian field mouse and I love her.”

“Love?” The girl repeats.

“Yeah, love!” Dustin says, and then reaches out and tugs Lucas closer. “I love Lucas. And I love Mike. And I love Will!”

“Will?” The girl says.

“He’s our friend, and he’s missing.” Mike says, and the room goes quiet. Mike can’t stop thinking about Mike’s daemon in the shape of a deaths-head hawkmoth, somehow split from Will’s body.

“I-“ The girl opens her mouth, and then closes it again. She stares straight at Mike.

“Name.” She says, and points to her wrist. There’s a number tattooed there, 011.

“Eleven?” Mike asks, and the girl nods. “That’s your name?”

“I like her name.” Endleofan says, and Mike scratches the top of her head.

“I like it too.” He says, and then smiles at Eleven. “Pretty name.”

“Pretty.” Eleven says, and blinks. “Good?”

“Good.” Mike assures her.

They’re quiet for a moment, and then Dustin speaks with almost reverent awe.

“You have a girl in your room.” He whispers, and two hands and three daemons hit him all at once.

*

Nancy is on Steve Harrington’s bed and their daemons are nuzzling. Nancy isn’t sure if she’s comfortable with this yet, there’s something in her heart that is hurting, but her daemon, Vinattu, seems fine. He’s currently in the form of a Emerald chinned hummingbird, but Nancy knows he won’t stay like that, hummingbirds don’t quite fit with them both.

Cabell, Steve’s daemon, is settled. She’s a Polish Buff Laced chicken, with hair exactly like Steve’s, and she’s currently grooming Vinattu lovingly, who is cheeping happily at her. Nancy watches the daemons, distracted, and is only brought back to earth by Steve kissing her neck.

“Come to bed.”

“Mm.” Nancy says, and turns her head to kiss him, open mouthed. Steve is just slipping his hand underneath her shirt when there’s a cry from outside.

“What was that?” Nancy asks, jerking away from Steve.

“I don’t know.” Steve says, kissing her neck. “Nance-“

“No.” Nancy says, and stands up from the bed. “I want to see.”

She looks out of the window, and sees only stillness. The pool is empty, not even ripples across the surface. She presses her forehead against the glass to see better, and then blinks. There’s something laying by the side of the pool, a dark shape that’s twitching in the darkness.

Specula, Barb’s daemon.

Nancy gives a shriek of horror, staring at the dying daemon, and then spins around to face Johnathan. He’s looking at her, confused, and their daemons have separated, staring back at Nancy.

“We need to go.” Nancy says, and Vinattu flies towards her, perching on Nancy’s shoulder.

“*What’s wrong?*” Vinattu asks, as Nancy rushes from the room.

“Barb’s in trouble.” Nancy says, and rushes down the stairs to help her friend.

*

Belize, Hopper’s bear daemon, growls when Joyce Hopper bursts into the room. Hopper raises a hand to calm his daemon, and then raises his eyebrow at Joyce. Her own daemon, Horowitz, is curled around her neck like a scarf.

“Can I help-“

“My son is missing!” Joyce exclaims, “And you are doing nothing to

find him!”

“Joyce-“

“He left his daemon!” Joyce runs a hand through her greasy hair. “How could he leave his daemon?!”

“I don’t know.” Hopper admits, because he has no idea how a daemon and a person could be severed. If a person dies, then their daemon dies with them, so there’s hope for Will, but there’s no sign of him.

It’s like he’s vanished off the face of the earth.

“He’s only a baby.” Joyce says, visibly deflating in front of Hopper. “Jim, he’s only a baby, and he’s lost his daemon. I don’t know what to do.”

“I’m sorry.” Jim says, and then reaches out to her. Joyce grabs hold of his hand tightly, and then squeezes it.

“Will you help us?” She asks, and Jim nods his head.

“Of course.” He promises, and Belize growls in agreement.

*

Eleven wishes she had a daemon. She doesn’t know it was possible to miss what you didn’t have, but seeing Mike, Dustin, and Lucas with their daemons, it makes her heart hurt. Mike brought her a toy Yoda to hold when she went to sleep at night, and it’s almost like having a daemon, but it doesn’t feel right.

Papa had owned a daemon. Eleven hadn’t known it was a daemon, only that Papa had kept a silver snake in his pocket at all times that Eleven wasn’t allowed to touch. The snake had been called Lamia, and she had whispered horrible things to Eleven when she was scared.

When Papa had made her find the Russian spy, they had killed his daemon. It had been a dog, and Eleven had wanted to keep it as a pet, but Papa said she wasn’t allowed. Instead he had tortured the

dog until the Russian spy had been completely broken, and then they had killed him.

“Don’t cry.” Papa had said, when the dog had burst into gold dust. “It was a bad dog.”

“Pet.” Eleven cried, and Papa had rubbed his knuckles against her hair.

“No pet.” He said firmly, and turned to look at Connie who was standing in the doorway.

She snorted. “And you keep saying we’re smarter without daemons.”

“Shush.” Papa had said, but he’d laughed.

*

The first words out of Will’s mouth after he leaves the Upside Down are “Where’s Spalva?”

“She’s here darling.” Joyce says, and Horowitz jumps onto the bed, carrying Spalva in his mouth.

He places Spalva gently on Will’s pillow, and Will turns his head to look at his daemon, and smiles at her sadly. Spalva beats her wings gently against her cheek, and then sighs, exhaling dust.

“What’s going on?” Johnathan asks, and Will looks up at them all.

“Spalva isn’t my daemon anymore.” He says, “She’s not anything.”

“Darling, you’re confused.” Joyce says, just as Spalva flies up from the pillow and circles the room once, twice, before escaping through a crack in the door.

Will breathes out hard, relaxing against the pillow. “She’s gone.” He says. “I don’t need a daemon any longer.”

There’s a collected intake of breath from everyone in the room. Mike tightens his fingers around Endleofan’s tail, who is currently in the form of a spider monkey.

“What happened in the Upside Down?” He asked Will, and Will blinks, slow.

“Severing.” Will says, and Mike feels a chill go down his spine.

*

When Eleven looks into the Demogorgon’s face, she sees her own reflected back.

“*Severing*,” Papa said, and Eleven pins the Demogorgon against the wall and keeps it there.

“*Splitting the soul in two.*” Papa said, and Eleven screams until her nose gushes crimson red.

“*Corruption.*” Papa said, and Eleven explodes the Demogorgon and feels part of her heart explode with it.

Author's Note:

pls comment if u enjoyed!